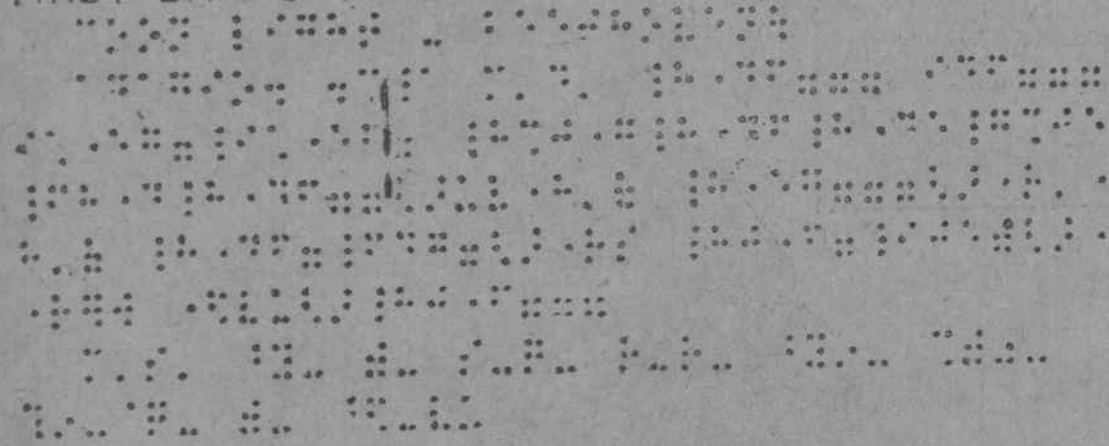


A Blind Paderewski Who Plays Classical Music.

The Curious Machine
Upon Which Signor
Nutini Records
His Music.



FIRST BARS OF BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA



The Blind Pianist's Method of Playing the Piano.

Signor Arturo Nutini, the blind Italian pianist now here, is considered a wonder. This man is no freak, as blind musicians sometimes are. Though totally blind almost from birth, his present rendering of classical music is regarded by critics as marvellous.

Signor Nutini was born in Florence thirty-three years ago, of parents of high position. Nine months after his birth he was discovered to be "totally blind."

At the age of four the little boy crept to the piano and began to show strong inclinations for music. Grateful that something should come into his life to enlighten it, his parents hurried him off to one of the best institutions for the blind in Florence. Here he was taught the fundamentals of an education, and he learned the piano, by touch.

From that time on he fairly lived at the piano, and blended his soul with music. He played and practised hours each day. As his parents were well off, nothing was denied the child in the way of instruction. To-day he is a finished musician. He had the best of masters, but after they had taught him harmony and the language of music they could teach him no more. He has made himself, and his playing shows what that making has been.

Every one remembers the sensation Blind Tom made some years ago. But this negro musician was in some respects a freak, as he played by ear and by mimicking in sound. What, then, must have been the patience of this young Italian, who plays the most difficult music, through scientific study, from notes!

He has a repertoire, committed to memory, of several hundred pieces, from the fugues of Bach and Handel down to the more modern classics of Chopin and Liszt. When he sits himself at the piano, where he remains nearly the whole day, his soul goes right into it, and it is doubtful if he realizes where he is. He sways with the time and harmony; the music works itself into every emotion, and as he touches

on the different passages of harmony he cries or smiles, just as the impressions reach him.

The most amazing thing of all is how this young man learns his music. He does not memorize it by listening to some one play, but he learns it by note, as in technique, and then plays it with his own idea of expression. In all institutions for the blind alphabets are taught by impressions; that is, by the sensitive finger touching a raised surface.

Signor Nutini has invented a method by which he writes all his music in this way. He has a little machine, consisting of a flat metal surface, with little grooves on it, over which he fits a sheet of thick paper by a frame. Then, with the aid of a small ruler and an awl, he perforates the most difficult music as the interpreter of his feelings, and reads it from the regular sheet music.

By the time he has written out a rhapsody or sonata in this manner it is so engrained on his mind that he can sit down and play it from memory. Or he can hear music and knows the theory of harmony so well that he can at once reproduce it on this little perforating machine.

When he reproduces the notes he runs his sensitive finger

over the tiny raised surfaces, which are not larger than pin heads, and, learning each hand separately, puts them together. It is said that after playing the most difficult composition through twice he never forgets it. Yet, for fear his memory should fail him, he has every piece of his large repertoire written on this way. Even intricate time is recorded by his little invention.

Signor Nutini has played before many of the

crowned heads of Europe, including the King and Queen of Italy and the young Prince of Naples and his bride, Helene of Montenegro.

He has played with Rubinstein at various times, and after he had performed before Anton Seidl the other day Seidl pronounced him a thorough musician.

He is learning English, and has his grammar all written out by the little perforating machine. He studies several hours daily. The music here reproduced is the first few bars of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," perforated and played in the reporter's presence.

There were in the small audience on that occasion several distinguished masters of the piano, and in response to Signor Nutini's invitation they in turn rendered some of their favorite selections. This served the purpose later on to accentuate the art of the blind player, who, considering the disadvantages under which he labors, proved himself the superior of them all from the standpoint of technique and expression.

To make the exhibition of his wonderful mastery of the instrument the more effective there had not been arranged beforehand any set programme, so that the most artistic and critical might be able to say that after all it was but a wonderful exhibition of playing by ear by a very skillful performer, from the mass of the old-looking "music sheets," the handwork of his wonderful man, he selected the music called for. It was an impressive sight to witness the manner in which the Signor, on his slender, sensitive finger tips over he tiny perforations of one sheet after another until he secured the desired number.

A hearer of thorough musical education, who knew nothing of Signor Nutini's blindness, would bear testimony that the instrument was in the hands of one of the great pianists of the age.

Before long the circling of the globe will be brought within the radius of a summer vacation. Instead of spending a month in gay Paris, people of means who are fond of adventure, will start on a thirty-day globe-trotting trip via San Francisco, continuing their journey from there via Behring Straits, which will then have become a sort of intercontinental ferry.

This sort of thing was foreshadowed when the Trans-Siberian Railway was first thought of, but now a bet has been made that the thirty-day feat is possible. The person laying the wager is the editor of *Figaro*, the most enterprising and the wealthiest of European journals.

Figaro is willing to bet \$25,000 if, after the completion of the railway across Siberia, its representative does not succeed in racing around the world in thirty days.

Globe trotting has fallen into desuetude during the last twenty years. Since it was found impossible to beat the chimerical Jules Verne record by more than a week or ten days, adventures of all sorts and nationalities have undertaken to show what great lengths of time one can spend in this enterprise if she or he has plenty on hand.

F. Gustav Koegel and Frederick Thoenes, of San Francisco, tramped 20,000 miles over America, Europe and part of Asia, consuming two whole years in the task and losing their bet because the White Czar would not permit them to sell their photographs and write for newspapers in Siberia, from the income of which they hoped to work their way. Miss Annie Londonderry, of Boston and Chicago, recently completed a journey around the world on a bicycle, and without changing her clothes, as she says. It took two years and two months to accomplish that feat according to a reliable umpire, but as to the stipulated use of her bike the records are not clear, one of her biographers insisting that when on board ship she stowed her machine away instead of riding it continuously around the decks as required by the wager.

Another recent globe trotter by means of the bicycle is Albert Fleck, of Hanover, Germany. He was in New York in September last, and said he expected to finish by the time the next century had begun. Captain Adolph Friedel, of Brooklyn, who started out in June in a twenty-eight-foot sailboat to circle the globe, hopes to accomplish the task at about the same period.

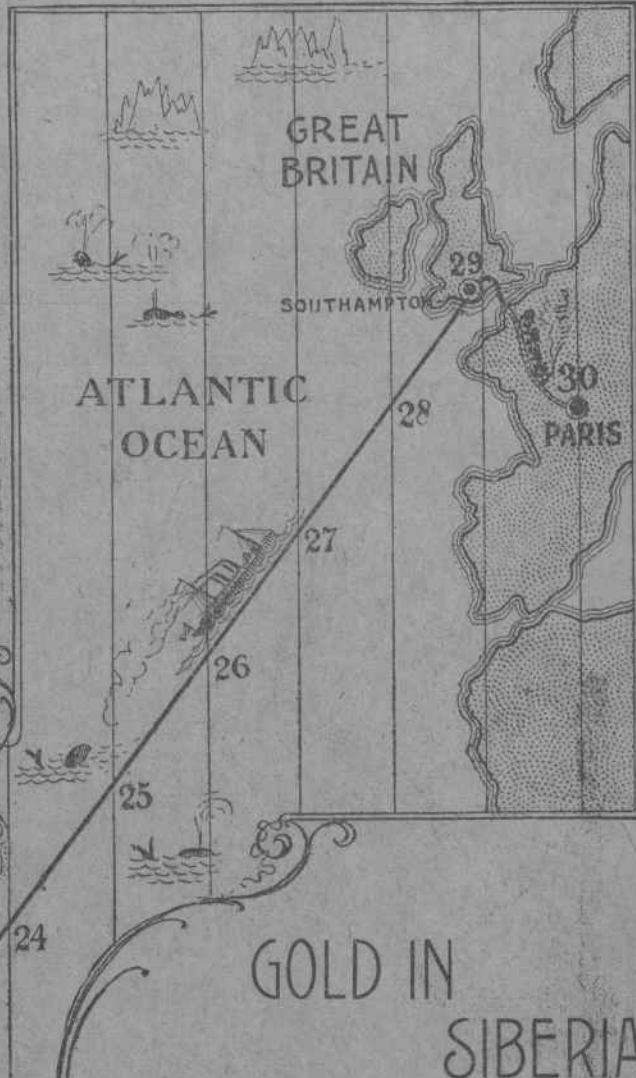
ROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY DAYS ON A WAGER.

A Bet
That Will
Realize
All
the
Dreams
of the
Prophets
at last.

Gil Blas sent one of its editors, M. Charles A. P. Brouard, around the world about a year ago on a \$20,000 wager, starting him on his trip with the princely sum of three sous. Brouard was allowed to walk, ride, swim, or proceed as he pleased, the sole condition being he should make his living as he went along. Brouard, according to his own statements, beat his way around the globe in eleven months, and, so he said, "lived like a fighting cock" most of the time.

Figaro's man will travel neither as a beggar nor as a sport, nor as a freak. He will go about his business like an ordinary drummer, valuing in hand, expecting to eat his three sous a day. This is his itinerary as laid down by the editor:

"Leaving Paris at noon on the first day of the month, he will reach St. Petersburg on the evening of the second, that is, after thirty hours. The same night he will be on the road to Siberia, arriving at the starting point of the new Trans-Siberian road on the third day. The end of the road—that is, the city of Vladivostok—will be reached on the ninth day. Vladivostok by that time will have become one of the world's great sea ports. It has a beautiful harbor. From there he goes to San Francisco in ten days by one of the new transpacific line steamers. As in 1900 probably not more than four days and a half will be needed to cover the distance between Vladivostok and New York, the traveller can embark for England on the 24th, which would land him at Southampton on the morning of the 30th. So he may



GOLD IN SIBERIA.

As the opening up of Siberia draws near, it may be interesting to point out the laws and regulations that govern gold hunting in that far-away country that will be within easy reach of civilization in three or four years. According to a recent ukase, "travellers" (prospectors) are quite welcome to the White Czar's domains, provided the local authorities of the district approve of their character. Jews alone being excluded. The local authorities will issue a permit to prospectors, and once a gold hunter has found yellow metal he is at liberty to stake off a claim. This, however, must not be more than three miles and a half in length and from 500 to 1,000 feet in breadth. All claims are registered and forfeited to the crown if not constantly worked.

Advisers from Russia say that thousands of abandoned claims are at the disposal of new-comers, the crown being only too willing to give them up. The reason for the wholesale abandonment of claims is that up to the present time Siberian gold hunters pursue the work of mining in the most primitive manner, there being little or no underground work. There are said to be splendid openings for hardy adventurers carrying other machinery and implements besides a shovel and a pick.

How
the
Race
Against
Time
Will
Be
Run.

ABOUT ROSA BONHEUR.

Rosa Bonheur, though born in 1822, is not yet old enough to publish her memoirs, she says, but the *Revue des Revues* has some delightful "recollections" from the veteran artist's fascinating pen.

When in her seventh year Rosa's parents moved to Paris from the country, where the little girl had been born. Rosa was sent to a boys' school, "where she gave as many blows as she received." While living in the country Rosa had a dog, a cow and a goat for playmates, "and it was my greatest delight to cut out their likenesses from paper. I commenced to do this even before I was four years old," says the artist.

When Rosa was ten years old, her father abandoned his family; in 1835 her mother died and Monsieur Bonheur returned home only to apprentice little Rosa to a dressmaker. The occupation did not suit the girl, and she sought employment with an heraldic designer, at the same time spending all her leisure time at the Louvre in study. Soon she began to make copies of some of the great paintings there, which readily sold.

When Rosa was twenty-three, the family once more moved into the country, and the budding artist could now indulge her fancies for studying animal life. She was in the open for days and weeks at a time, observing domestic animals and game. And not content with that, she made it her business to visit the slaughter houses regularly in order to study the anatomy of her favorite subjects. Her first original painting was exhibited in the Salon in 1846. It represented a number of rabbits at play.

In 1850 she began her greatest painting, "The Horse Fair," which was subsequently exhibited in all the great cities of America with immense financial success. The original owner of it was a M. Gambard. After "The Horse Fair" came back from its triumphal march through America. It was resold for the sum of \$60,000. In 1855 Rosa Bonheur was rich enough to buy the estate of Hy, in the heart of the forest of Fontainebleau, where she has since lived.



THE NEW WOMAN AND THE WILD WEST.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Westward the Star of New Womanhood is slowly but surely taking its way.

Until now the land of the cowboy and the cattle ranch, the home of the penitent and the roaring "round-up," has been the exclusive property of the male artist and author. Remington has drawn, and Richard Harding Davis sung, of the "wild and woolly" West, to be sure, through a Pullman car window—but, nevertheless, the West has been exclusively

the property of the masculine.

Nous changeons tout cela. Kathie Beveridge, that erratic but artistic young lady who has but recently set the world astir all agog with her daring sculpture, has invaded the sacred preserve and upset tradition's apple cart. No more unknown cattle puncher is her model, either. She has dared and done the greatest of them all—Buffalo Bill, the hero of a hundred hair-breadth escapes and a thousand Wild West shows. Who has not heard of Buffalo

Bill? Breathes there a boy with soul so dead that has not seen him rescue the paleface maiden in the last act amid a holocaust of red fire and pean of savage war whoops.

Miss Beveridge has aimed high, but she has not missed. Her latest bit of the famous scout is a distinct artistic success. The Hon. William F. Cody, alias Buffalo Bill, has now taken his place among the statued heroes of the world.

And a new woman has done this thing.